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for review

JUVENILE PSALMODY:

PREPARED

For the use of Sunday Schools,

AT THE REQUEST OF THE DIRECTORS

OF THE WESTERN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

BY THOMAS HASTINGS,

*Author of a Dissertation on Musical Taste, one of the
Editors of Musica Sacra, &c.*



UTICA:

WESTERN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

W. WILLIAMS, PRINTER.

1827.

0

Northern District of New-York, to wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the twenty-eighth day of April in the fifty-first year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1827, George S. Wilson of the said District, hath deposited in this Office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

“Juvenile Psalmody, prepared for the use of Sunday Schools, at the request of the Directors of the Western Sunday School Union. By Thomas Hastings, Author of a Dissertation on Musical Taste, one of the Editors of *Musica Sacra*, &c.”

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, “An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;” and also, to the act entitled “An act supplementary to an act entitled ‘An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,’ and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of Designing, Engraving and Etching historical and other prints.”

RICHARD R. LANSING,

Clerk of the District Court of the United States, for the Northern District of New-York.

246.205.34

Schol.

April 12, 1878.

X.

PREFACE.

THE design of this little book is, to furnish Sunday Schools, and children and youth generally, with a concise system of Psalmody, so simplified in its character, as to be easily reduced to practice, on the monitorial plan.

The rules must be thoroughly committed to memory, explained and exemplified. The practical lessons must be dwelt upon as much as the patience of the pupils will permit, each being made to try his own skill separately, before he is allowed to sing with others. Let a few of the best voices be assigned to the Base staff, to sing an octave above the teachers. To give variety to the exercises, there should also be occasional singing from memory, without reference to notes, for the purpose of improving in beating, accent, emphasis, pronunciation, &c.

The voices which at first appear to be unmanageable, should be kept for a considerable time on the eight notes, and still be made to share in the exercises of the other pupils. Most of them, when thus managed, will at length make tolerable singers.

The advantages of such a course of instruction must be obvious to every one; but it will be necessary, at first, to set apart special seasons for this object. Perhaps one of the evenings each week may suffice. When the object

shall have been in some measure accomplished, the singing of psalms and hymns in Sunday Schools will be attended with great interest; and the pupils will be fitting themselves to bear a part in the high praises of the sanctuary.

If this little work shall prove useful to the cause of Sunday Schools, and be blessed to the improvement of little children, of whom the Savior has said, that, "of such is the kingdom of heaven," the labours of the author will be abundantly rewarded.

JUVENILE PSALMODY.

PART FIRST.

MUSICAL CHARACTERS.

LESSON I.

1 What is a Staff?

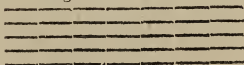
Five lines, with their spaces, to contain the musical characters.

2 What is a Leger line?

A short line sometimes placed above or below the Staff.

EXAMPLES.

Leger ——— line.





A Staff

Leger ——— line.

3 How are the lines and spaces named?

By the first seven letters of the alphabet—A, B, C, D, E, F, G;—and according to the Clefs.

4 What Clefs are used in this book?

The G Clef  for Treble, & the F Clef  for Base.

5 What is the use of Clefs?

They show how the letters are used in naming the lines and spaces.

[The following question and example are for the Treble.]


6 How are the letters used according to the G Clef?

The low Leger line is called C, the first space is called D, the first line, E, the second space, F, the second line, G, the third space, A, the third line, B, the fourth

space, C, the fourth line, D, the fifth space, E, the fifth line, F, the sixth space G, and the high Leger line, A,

EXAMPLE.

The letters
used accord-
ing to the G
Clef,—for
Treble.

High Leger line,	—A—
6th space,	G
5th line,	—————F—————
5th space,	E
4th line,	—————D—————
4th space,	 C
3d line,	—————B—————
3d space,	A
2d line,	—————G—————
2d space,	F
1st line,	—————E—————
1st space,	D
Low Leger line,	—E—


[The following question and example are for the Base.]

7 How are the letters used according to the F Clef?

The low Leger line is called E, the first space is called F, the first line, G, the second space, A, the second line, B, the third space, C, the third line, D, the fourth space, E, the fourth line, F, the fifth space, G, the fifth line, A, the sixth space, B, and the high Leger line, C.

EXAMPLE.

The letters
used accord-
ing to the F
Clef,—for
Base.

High Leger line,	—C—
6th space,	B
5th line,	—————A—————
5th space,	 G
4th line,	—————F—————
4th space,	E
3d line,	—————D—————
3d space,	C
2d line,	—————B—————
2d space,	A
1st line,	—————G—————
1st space,	F
Low Leger line,	—E—

LESSON II.

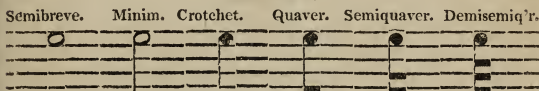
8 What are notes?

Marks of sound.

9 Can you describe them?

The semibreve is a round white note, the minim is like the semibreve with a stem, the crotchet is like a black minim, the quaver is like a crotchet with one hook, the semiquaver is like a crotchet with two hooks, the demi-semiquaver is like a crotchet with three hooks.

EXAMPLE.



10 How long should the notes be sounded?

The semibreve should be sounded as long as two minims, the minim as long as two crotchets, the crotchet as long as two quavers, the quaver as long as two semiquavers, the semiquaver as long as two demisemiqr.:— So that the semibreve equals two minims, four crotchets, eight quavers, sixteen semiquavers, or thirty-two demisemiqr.

11 What is the use of a dot at the right hand of a note?

It makes it longer by one half: so that a dotted semibreve equals three minims, a dotted minim three crotchets, a dotted crotchet three quavers, &c.

EXAMPLE.



12 What are rests?

Marks of silence of the same name as the notes.

13 How long do you stop sounding at a rest?

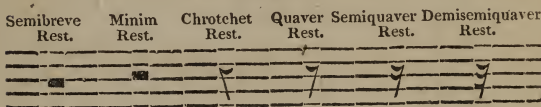
As long as I should sound a note of the same name.

14 Can you describe the rests?

A semibreve rest is a large square dot under a line, a

minim rest is a square dot above a line, a crotchet rest is like a figure 7 turned backward, a quaver rest is like a figure 7, a semiquaver rest is a stem with two hooks, and a demisemiquaver rest is a stem with three hooks.

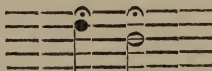
EXAMPLE.



15 Can you describe the pause, and the use of it?

The pause is part of a small circle with a dot in it, placed over notes that are to be sounded longer than usual, or sounded with a rest after them.

EXAMPLE.

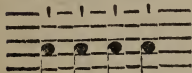


16 Can you describe Marks of Distinction, and their use?

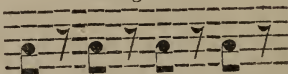
Marks of Distinction are little points placed over notes that are to be sounded shorter than usual, as if little rests were put between them.

EXAMPLE.

Written thus:



Sung thus:



LESSON III.

17 What Syllables are used in singing the notes?

Faw, Sol, Law; and *Mi*, (pronounced like *May*.)

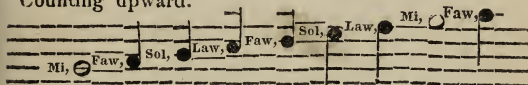
18 How do you use these Syllables in singing?

All the notes that stand on a certain line or space are called *Mi*; all that stand on the next place higher are called *Faw*; all on the next, *Sol*; all on the next *Law*; all on the next higher place again are called *Faw*; all on

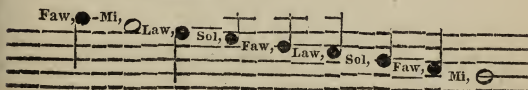
the next, Sol; all on the next, Law; and then we come to another place for *Mi*; and another for Faw, Sol, &c. And when we count the spaces downward, below *Mi*, the Syllables are *Law, Sol, Faw, Law, Sol, Faw, Mi, Law, &c.*

EXAMPLE.

Counting upward.



Counting downward.



19 How is the place of *Mi* known?

Its natural place is on the line called B; but it may be removed any where by using Flats and Sharps.

20 What is a Flat?

A small b. (b)

21 What is a Sharp?

A kind of Star. (#)

22 Can you explain the Removals of the *Mi*?

The natural place of *Mi* is on the line called B; but when a Flat is placed on that line, *Mi* is removed to the line or space called E; and so on according to the table of Flats and Sharps.

23 Can you repeat the table?

The natural place for *Mi* is on B; but

If B be flat	<i>Mi</i> is removed to	E,
If B and E be flat,	<i>Mi</i> is removed to	A,
If B, E and A be flat,	<i>Mi</i> is removed to	D,
If B, E, A and D be flat,	<i>Mi</i> is removed to	G,
If F, be sharp,	<i>Mi</i> is removed to	F,
If F and C be sharp,	<i>Mi</i> is removed to	C,
If F, C and G be sharp,	<i>Mi</i> is removed to	G,
If F, C, G and D be sharp,	<i>Mi</i> is removed to	D,

EXAMPLES IN TREBLE AND BASS.

Mi in B. Natural place.

mi, faw, sol, law, faw, sol, law, mi, faw, mi, law, sol, faw, law, sol, faw.

Removals of Mi by Flats.

B flat, Mi in E. B & E flat, Mi in A. B, E & A flat, Mi in D.

mi, faw, sol, law. mi, faw, sol, law. mi, faw, sol, law.

Removals of the Mi by Sharps.

F sharp, Mi in F. F & C sharp, Mi in C. F, C & G sharp, Mi in G.

mi, faw, sol, law. mi, faw, sol, law. mi, faw, sol, law.

24 Can you sound the eight notes?
I will try with the Mi on D.

Treble.
f, s, l, f, s, l, mi, f, f, mi, l, s, f, l, s, f.

Base.
f, s, l, f, s, l, mi, f, f, mi, l, s, f, l, s, f.

N. B. The second leger line above the Base is the same as the first or lowest line in the Treble.

25 What other use is there for Flats and Sharps?

They are sometimes used in the midst of tunes to alter the sound of notes.

26 When *Mi* has a flat before it how do you sing it?

We sing it half a tone lower, and call it *faw*.

27 When a sharp is placed before *faw*, *sol*, or *law*, how do you sing that note?

Half a tone higher, and call it *fi*, *si*, or *li*, (pronounced *fay*, *say*, *lay*.)

28 What is the use of the Natural?

It is used sometimes to stop the effect of a flat or sharp.

29 Can you describe it?

Not exactly. It is a small square with two points, (♮)

[*N. B.* Before proceeding further with the questions, the pupils may be allowed to try their voices on the first of the practical lessons.]

LESSON IV.

30 What is a measure in music?

The distance between two single bars.

31 What is a single bar?

A straight mark across the staff.

EXAMPLE.

Bar, Measure, Bar, Measure, Bar, Measure, Bar.

32 How many kinds of Time are there in this book?

Two; Common and Triple.

33 How many sorts of Common Time are there?

Three. The first sort is marked with a large C; the second sort is marked with a C which has a single bar drawn through it; and the third sort is marked with the figures $\frac{2}{4}$

34 What other differences are there in these three sorts of Common Time?

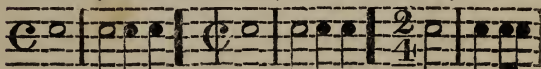
The first and second sorts have the value of one semi-breve, or two minims, or four crotchets in each measure; and the third sort has only half of this value.

35 Is this all?

The first sort has four beats or motions of the hand to each measure: but the second and third sorts have only two beats.

EXAMPLES IN COMMON TIME.

First sort, 4 beats. Second sort, 2 beats. Third sort, 2 beats.



36 How many sorts of Triple Time are there?

Three, marked by the figures $\frac{3}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{3}{8}$.

37 What is the difference between them?

The first sort has the value of three minims, the second has the value of three crotchets, and the third has the value of three quavers in a measure; but they all have three beats in a measure.

EXAMPLES IN TRIPLE TIME.

First sort.

Second sort.

Third sort.



3 beats.

3 beats.

3 beats.

38 On what note does the hand always fall in beating?

On the first note in every measure.

38 When does the hand rise in beating?

It always rises when leaving a measure; but, in the first sort of common time it falls and rises twice in a measure.

40 What is accent?

The loudness of such notes as are sung when the hand falls in beating.

41 Are such notes ever sung in a soft tone of voice?

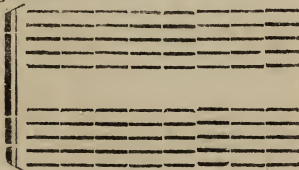
They are, when the words of a psalm or hymn require it.

42 Do the words require any other changes in the manner of singing?

They may require loudness or softness, quickness or slowness, boldness or gentleness, &c.

43 What is the use of a brace?

It shows where different parts, such as base and treble, are sung together.



44 What is the use of the double bar?

It marks some particular place in a tune, or shows the end of it.

45 What is the use of a repeat?

It marks such parts of a tune as must be sung twice.

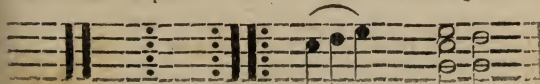
46 What is the use of a slur?

It marks such notes as belong to one syllable, in singing the words.

47 What are choosing notes?

Two or more notes standing so that we may sing which we choose.

Double bar. Repeat. or Slur. Choosing notes.



PRACTICAL LESSONS.

No. I, COMMON TIME.

N. B. The letters d, r, mark the downward and rising beats.
Treble. d, r, d, r.

Base.

f, s, l, f, s, l m, f.

d, r, d, r, d, r, d, r.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The top staff is in Treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature (C). It contains four measures of music with notes on the first, second, and third lines. The bottom staff is in Bass clef with a key signature of two sharps and a common time signature. It contains four measures of music with notes on the first, second, and third spaces. Below the Treble staff, the letters 'f, s, l, f, s, l m, f.' are written under the notes. Below the Bass staff, the letters 'd, r, d, r, d, r, d, r.' are written under the notes.

The second system of music consists of two staves. The top staff has four measures of music with notes on the first, second, and third lines. The bottom staff has four measures of music with notes on the first, second, and third spaces.

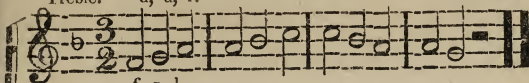
The third system of music consists of two staves. The top staff has four measures of music with notes on the first, second, and third lines. The bottom staff has four measures of music with notes on the first, second, and third spaces.

No. II. TRIPLE TIME IN NOTES AND RESTS.

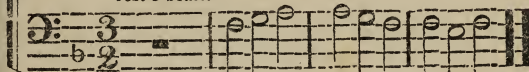
Treble.

d, d, r.

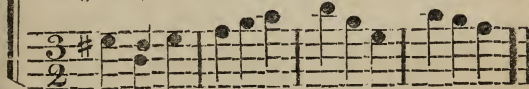
rest 1 beat.



f, s, l.
rest 3 beats.

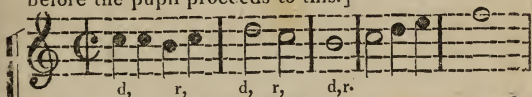


d, d, r.

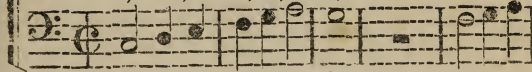


No. III. NOTES OF DIFFERENT LENGTH.

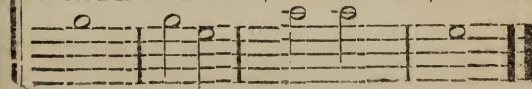
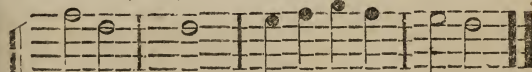
[The two former lessons should be well attended to before the pupil proceeds to this.]



d, r, d, r, d, r.



d, r, d, r, d, r.



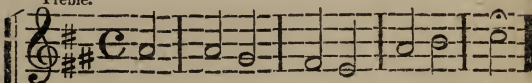
JUVENILE PSALMODY.

PART SECOND.

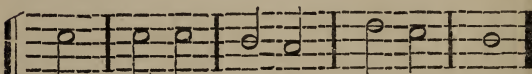
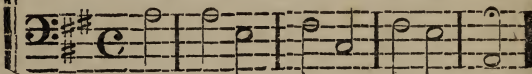
PSALMS AND HYMNS.

OLD HUNDREDTH. L. M.

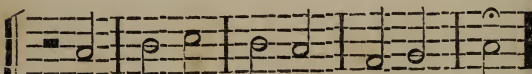
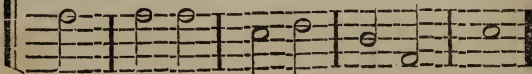
Treble.



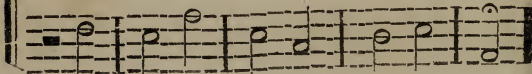
From all that dwell be - low the skies.



Let the Cre - ator's praise a - rise:



Let the Re - deemer's name be sung





PSALMS AND HYMNS.

HYMN 1. L. M.

From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through ev'ry land by ev'ry tongue.

2

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3

Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
Your songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name!

4

In ev'ry land begin the song;
To ev'ry land the strains belong;
A cheerful sound all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

HYMN 2. L. M.

Among the deepest shades of night?
Can there be one who sees my way,
Yes,—God is like a shining light,
That turns the darkness into day.

2

When every eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin, without control?

B *

No:—for a constant watch he keeps
On every thought of every soul.

3

If I could find some cave unknown,
Where human feet had never trod;—
Yet there I could not be alone;
On every side, there would be—God.

4

He smiles in heaven; he frowns in hell
He fills the air, the earth, the sea:
I must within his presence dwell;
I cannot from his anger flee.

5

Yet I may flee!—he shows me where;
Tells me to Jesus Christ to fly?
And while he sees me weeping there,
There's only mercy in his eye.

HYMN 3. L. M.

Dismiss us with thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word:
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2

Though we are guilty, thou art good
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give ev'ry burden'd soul release,
And bid us all "depart in peace."

TALLIS' EVENING HYMN.

Treble.

Glory to thee, my God, this night, For

all the blessings of the light.

Keep me, O, keep me, King of kings, Un-

der the shadow of thy wings.

HYMN 4. L. M.

Glory to thee my God this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under the shadow of thy wings.

2

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself and thee
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3

Let my blest guardian, while I sleep,
His watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of
ill.

4

Lord, let my soul for ever share
The bliss of thy paternal care;
'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n
above,
To see thy face, to sing thy love.

5

Praise God from whom all blessings
flow,
Praise him all creatures here below,
Praise him above, angelic host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 5. L. M.

The Bible.

This, is a precious book, indeed!
Happy the child that loves to read!
'Tis God's own word, which he has
given
To show our souls the way to heaven.

2

It tells us how the world was made;
And how good men the Lord obeyed:
Here his commands are written too,
To teach us what we ought to do.

3

It bids us all from sin to fly,
Because our souls can never die:
It tells of heaven where angels dwell;
And warns us to escape from hell.

4

But what is more than all beside,
The bible tells us—Jesus died!

This is its best, its chief intent,
To lead poor sinners to repent.

5

Be thankful, children, that you may
Read this good bible every day:
'Tis God's own word which he has
given,
To show our souls the way to heaven.

HYMN 6. L. M.

My God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2

I yield my powers to thy command
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN 7. L. M.

Not ashamed of Jesus.

Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise
Whose glories shine through endless
days!

2

Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3

Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright morning Star, bids darkness
flee.

4

Asham'd of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no sin to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

5

Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

Treble.

Death has been here, and borne a - way

A brother from our side:

Just in the morning of his day,

As young as we, he died.

HYMN 8. C. M.

On the death of a Scholar.

Death has been here, and borne away
A brother [or *sister*] from our side:
Just in the morning of his [or *her*] day
As young as we, he [or *she*] died.

2

Not long ago he filled his place,
And stood with us to learn;
But he has run his mortal race,
And never can return.

3

Perhaps our time may be as short,
Our days may fly as fast;
O Lord, impress the solemn thought
This day may be our last!

4

We cannot tell who next may fall
Beneath thy chastening rod:
One must be first,—but let us all
Prepare to meet our God.

5

May each attend with willing feet,
The means of knowledge here;
And wait around thy mercy seat
With hope as well as fear.

6

All needful strength 'tis thine to give
To thee our souls apply
For grace to teach us how to live,
Or make us fit to die.

7

Lord! to thy wisdom and thy care
We would resign our days;
Content to live and serve thee here,
Or die and sing thy praise.

HYMN 9. C. M.

Sin has a thousand treach'rous arts
To practise on the mind:
With flatt'ring looks she tempts our
hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.

2

With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch be-
lieves,
She makes his fetters strong.

3

She pleads for all the joys she brings
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heav'nly things
And chains it down to sense.

4

So, on a tree divinely fair,
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

HYMN 10. C. M.

O Lord, forgive a sinful child,
Whose heart is all unclean;
How base am I, and all defil'd
By the vile work of sin.

2

How justly might thine anger rise,
And sink me down to hell,
To feel the worm that never dies,
In endless flames to dwell.

3

O change this stubborn heart of mine
And make me pure within;
Still manifest thy love divine,
And save me from my sin.

4

Thou, Lord, canst all my sins forgive
And wash away their stain;
Canst fit my soul with thee to live,
And in thy kingdom reign.

HYMN 11. C. M.

When daily I kneel down to pray,
As I am taught to do,
God does not care for what I say,
Unless I feel it too.

2

Yet foolish tho'ts my heart beguile;
And when I pray, or sing,
I'm often thinking, all the while,
About some other thing.

3

O! let me never, never dare
To act a trifler's part,
Or think that God will hear a pray'r
That comes not from the heart.

4

But if I make his ways my choice,
As holy children do, [voice,
Then, while I seek him with my
My heart will love him too.

Treble.

O Lord, our God, how wond'rous great

Is thine ex - alt - ed name!

The glories of thine heav'nly state,

Let earth and heav'n pro - claim.

PSALM 8. C. M.

O Lord, our God, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thine heav'nly state
Let all the earth proclaim.

When I behold thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And stars that well adorn the sky,
Those moving worlds of light:

Lord, what is man, or all his race,
That dwells so far below,
That thou shouldst visit him with grace,
And love his nature so.

Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heav'nly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

HYMN 13. C. M.

Almighty Father, heavenly King!
Who rul'st the world above;
Accept the tribute children bring,
Of gratitude and love.

To thee, each morning, when we rise
Our early vows we'll pay;
And ere the night has clos'd our eyes
We'll thank thee for the day.

Our Saviour, ever good and kind,
To us his word has given;
That children such as we may find
A certain path to heaven.

Stretch out, O Lord, thy gracious hand,
To guide our erring youth;
And lead us to that blissful land,
Where dwells eternal truth,

HYMN 14. C. M.

Plung'd in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

With pitying eyes, the Prince of
Grace,
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (O, amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

O, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

PSALM 139. C. M.

In all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by sovereign love.

HYMN 16. C. M.

Lord, we address thy heav'nly throne
Call us poor children thine;
Oh! hear us when we pray to thee,
And form our hearts divine.

Hast thou not said, "let children
come?"
'Tis here thy people meet;
And we have learnt there still is room
We bow beneath thy feet.

To thee we give this sacred hour,
In thee our souls confide;
Beneath the shadow of thy power,
Our feet shall never slide.

Treble.

Come let us join the hosts a - bove,

Now in our youngest days;

Re - member our Cre - a - tor's love,

And lisp our Father's praise.

HYMN 17. C. M.

Come let us join the hosts above,
Now in our youngest days;
Remember our Creator's love,
And lisp our Father's praise.

2

His majesty will not despise
The day of feeble things;
Grateful the songs of children rise,
And please the King of kings.

3

He loves to be remember'd thus,
And honour'd for his grace;
Out of the mouths of babes like us,
His wisdom perfects praise.

4

Glory to God, and praise, and pow'r
Honour and thanks be given!
Children and cherubim adore
The Lord of earth and heaven.

HYMN 18. C. M.

Almighty Father, gracious Lord!
Kind guardian of my days!
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.

2

In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy
name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.

3

Each rolling year new favours bro't
From thy exhaustless store;
But, ah! in vain my lab'ring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.

4

While sweet reflection through my
days
Thy bounteous hand would trace;
Still dearer blessings claim my praise
—The blessings of thy grace.

5

Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord!
For favors more divine;
That I have known thy sacred word,
Where all thy glories shine.

C

HYMN 19. C. M.

See the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands
With all engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2

Permit them too approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.

3

He'll lead us to the heav'nly streams
Where living waters flow;
And guide us to the fruitful fields,
Where trees of knowledge grow.

4

The feeblest lamb amidst the flock
Shall be its Shepherd's care;
While folded in the Saviour's arms,
We're safe from ev'ry snare.

HYMN 20. C. M.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food;
He form'd the creatures with his
word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

2

In heav'n he shines with beams of
love,
With wrath in hell beneath;
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
And 'tis his air I breathe.

3

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command
And all the stars obey.

4

There's not a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow
By order from thy throne.

5

Lord, how thy wonders are display'd
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

Treble.

Fa - ther of mercies! in thy word

What endless glo - ry shines!

For ev - er be thy name a - dor'd,

For these ce - - les - tial lines!

HYMN 21. C. M.

Father of mercies! in thy word
 What endless glory shines!
 For ever be thy name ador'd,
 For these celestial lines!

2

O may these heavenly pages be
 My ever dear delight;
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light.

3

Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
 Be thou for ever near;
 Teach me to love thy sacred word
 And view my Saviour there.

HYMN 23. C. M.

Let us adore the grace that seeks
 To draw our hearts above;
 'Tis God, the holy Saviour, speaks,
 Whose very name is love.

2

Though fill'd with awe before his
 throne,
 Each angel veils his face;
 He'll take poor children for his own,
 And save them by his grace.

3

O may the child that lives in sin,
 Enslav'd by Satan's power,
 Meekly obey the call divine,
 In this appointed hour.

4

Lord, send thy word to ev'ry heart,
 By thine Almighty voice;
 Early from sin may we depart,
 And make thy love our choice.

HYMN 22. C. M.

Swift, as the wing'd arrow flies,
 My time is hast'ning on;
 Quick, as the lightning from the skies
 My wasting moments run.

2

My follies past, O God, forgive,
 My ev'ry sin subdue;
 And teach me henceforth how to
 live,
 With glory in my view.

3

'Twere better I had not been born,
 Than live without thy fear;
 For they are wretched and forlorn,
 Who have their portion here.

4

O! let thy Spirit lead me still,
 Along the happy road;
 Conform me to thy holy will,
 My Father and my God!

HYMN 24. C. M.

Now condescend, Almighty King,
 To bless this happy throng;
 And kindly listen, while we sing,
 Our grateful morning [or evening]
 song.

2

We come to own the power divine
 That watches o'er our days:
 For this, our feeble voices join
 In hymns of cheerful praise.

3

Before thy sacred footstool, Lord,
 We bend in humble prayer:
 We come to learn thy holy word,
 And ask thy tender care.

4

May we in safety pass this day,
 From sin and danger free;
 And ever walk in that sure way,
 Which leads to heaven and thee.

[In the evening say this verse, in-
 stead of the 4th.]

5.

May we in safety sleep this night,
 From every danger free;
 Because the darkness and the light
 Are both alike to thee.]

6

Whene'er the rising sun displays
 His cheerful beams abroad,
 Then shall our morning hymn of
 praise
 Declare thy goodness, Lord.

7

A happy throng! while hand in hand
 Our lips together move,
 Lord, smile upon this little band,
 And join our hearts in love.

Treble.

My soul, re - peat his praise,

Whose mer - cies are so great.

Whose an - ger is so slow to rise,

So rea - - dy to a - bate.

PSALM 103. S. M.

My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2

The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name.
Is such as tender parents feel,
He knows our feeble frame.

3

Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp wind sweep o'er the field
It withers in an hour.

4

But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure,
And children, young as we may find
Thy word of promise sure.

HYMN 26. S. M.

And am I born to die?
To lay this body down;
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?

2

I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come at his command to heav'n
Or else—depart to hell.

3

Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe;
That when thou comest on thy
throne,
I may with joy appear.

4

Thou art thyself the way,
Thyself to me reveal;
So shall I spend my life's short day
Obedient to thy will.

PSALM 195. S. M.

Come sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal king.

C *

2

He form'd the deeps unknown:
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3

Come worship at his throne,
Come bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

4

To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

4

But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard like stubborn
Jews,
That unbelieving race;

5

The Lord in vengeance drest
Will lift his hand and swear,
"Ye that despise my promis'd rest,
"Shall have no portion there."

HYMN 28. S. M.

Hail, gracious heavenly Prince,
To Thee let children fly,
And on thy kindest providence,
O may we all rely.

2

Jesus will take the young
Beneath his special care;
And he will keep their youthful days
From every wo and snare.

3

He knows their tender frame,
Nor will their youth contemn;
For he a little child became,
To love and pity them.

4

Nor does he now forget
His youthful days on earth;
Nor would we ever cease our praise,
For the Redeemer's birth.

Treble.

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,

Fill our hearts with joy and peace;

Let us all thy love pos - sessed,

Triumph in re - deem - ing grace.

HYMN 29. 8, 7.

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 Let us all thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace.

2

Thanks we give, and adoration
 For the gospel's joyful sound;
 May the fruit of thy salvation,
 In our hearts and lives be found.

3

Jésus, thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love thou art,
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

4

May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above!

5

Thus may we abide in union,
 With each other in the Lord;
 And possess in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

HYMN 30. 8, 7.

Come thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.

2

Jesus sought me when a stranger
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 He to rescue me from danger,
 Interpos'd with precious blood.

3

Breathe, Oh, breathe thy loving
 Spirit
 Into ev'ry troubled breast;
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promis'd rest.

HYMN 31. 8, 7.

Jesus, O what love stupendous!
 Left his glorious seat on high;
 Took our nature, to befriend us,
 And for sinners deign'd to die.

3

See him on the cross expiring;—
 Hear his dreadful groans and sighs
 Justice stern his death requiring,
 Lo, he dies! the Saviour dies!

4

See the dreadful consternation!
 Op'ning graves and horror spread,
 Mountains shake to their foundation
 Now the Prince of Life is dead!

5

Lo! he, from the grave ascending,
 Conquers now his mightiest foes,
 Love, 'twas love, all love transcend-
 ing,
 Caus'd him to sustain our woes!

6

Can we view his heart so tender,
 And remain unfeeling still?
 Sure we must our hearts surrender,
 To be govern'd by his will.

HYMN 32. C. M.

See Remembrance.

Thou guardian of our youthful days
 To thee our prayers ascend;
 To thee we'll tune our songs of praise
 Thou art "the Children's Friend."

2

From thee our daily mercies flow,
 Our life and health descend;
 Lord, save our souls from sin and wo,
 Be thou "the Children's Friend."

3

Teach us to prize thy holy word,
 And to its truths attend;
 Thus shall we learn to fear the Lord
 And love "the Children's Friend."

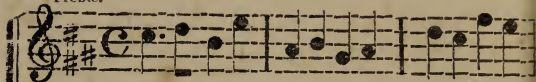
4

Lord, draw our youthful hearts to
 thee,
 From every ill defend;
 Help us in early life to flee
 To thee "the Children's Friend."

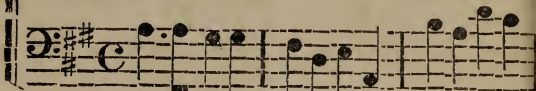
5

Let all our hopes be fixed on high,
 And when our lives shall end,
 Then may we live above the sky
 With thee, "the Children's
 Friend."

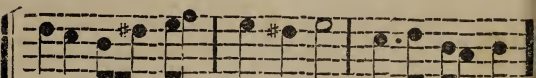
Treble.



O, my soul, what means this sadness? Wherefore art thou



thus cast down? Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,



Bid our rest - less fears begone. Look to Je - sus,



Look to Je - sus, And rejoice in his dear name.



HYMN 33. 8, 7, 4.

O my soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness;
Bid thy restless fears begone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

2

Tho' ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within;
Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin:

He is faithful

To perform his gracious word.

3

Tho' distresses now attend thee
And thou tread'st the thorny road;
His right hand shall still defend thee
Soon he'll bring thee home to God!

Therefore praise him—

Praise the great Redeemer's name.

HYMN 34. C. M.

See Arundel.

Alas, and did my Saviour bleed!
And did my sov'reign die!
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2

Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3

Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker
died
For man, the creature's sin.

4

Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN 35. C. M.

See Arundel.

Almighty God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

2

There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ
Against the judgment day.

3

And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and publish'd there?
Be all expos'd before the sun,
While men and angels hear?

4

Lord, at thy feet asham'd I lie,
Upwards I dare not look;
Pardon my sins or else I die,
O blot them from thy book.

5

Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains
And answer for my guilt.

HYMN 36. C. M.

See Dunchurch.

How glorious is our heavenly king,
Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty!

2

Not angels that stand round the Lord
Can search his secret will;
But they perform his heavenly word
And sing his praises still.

3

Then let me join this holy train,
And my first offerings bring;
Th' eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

4

My heart resolves, my tongue obeys
And angels shall rejoice,
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

Treble.

Ye servants of God, Your Master proclaim.

And publish a - broad His wonder - ful name.

The name all vic - torious Of Jesus ex - tol;

His kingdom is glorious, And rules o - ver all.

HYMN 37. 5, 6.

Ye servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful Name;
The name all victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2

God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still he is nigh,
His presence we have:
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus our king.

3

Salvation to God
Who sits on the throne—
Let all cry aloud
And honour the Son:
Our Jesus's praises
The angels proclaim;
Fall down on their faces
And worship the Lamb.

4

Then let us adore,
And give him his right;
All glory and power,
And wisdom and might:
All honour and blessing,
With angels above;
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love.

HYMN 38. L. M.

See *Old Hundredth*.

Parting with a hopeful scholar

We offer, Lord, an humble prayer,
And thank thee for thy grace bestow'd,

Leading one beneath our care,
Thus far in wisdom's pleasant road.

2

What trials to *his* lot may fall,
What toilsome duties to fulfil,
We do not know, but in them all,
Be thou *his* strength and comfort still.

3

May Jesus be *his* constant friend,
The bible *his* support and stay;
And may thy Spirit, Lord, descend,
To bless and guide *him* day by day.

HYMN 39. L. M. Tallis' E. H.

Great God! and wilt thou condescend,
To be my Father and my Friend?—
So young a child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky!

2

Art thou my Father? Canst thou bear,
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
Or wilt thou listen to the praise
That such a little child can raise?

3

Art thou my Father?—Let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee;
And try, in word, & deed, & thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

4

Art thou my Father?—I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend;
And daily strive to do, and be,
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

Art thou my Father?—Then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down, and take me in thy love,
To be thy better child above.

HYMN 40. L. M. Tallis' E. H.

Lord, I have passed another day,
And come to thank thee for thy care,
Forgive my faults in work and play,
And listen to my evening prayer.

2

Thy favor gives me daily bread,
And friends who all my wants supply
And safely now I'll rest my head,
Preserved and guarded by thine eye

3

Look down in pity and forgive
Whate'er I've said or done amiss;
And help me every day I live,
To serve thee better than in this.

4

And while I sleep, be pleased to take
A helpless child beneath thy care;
And condescend, for Jesus' sake,
To listen to my evening prayer.

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